

DECEMBER 1972



How can I plan for the future?

How do I know if I can handle tomorrow?

How can I adapt to a fast-changing world of technology,
communes, "new morality"?

Do I have any control over my future?

What signs of hope are there?

DIALOGUE ON THE

Wide World Photos

MARGARET

ROGER

WITH
MEAN
AND
SHIN



FUTURE

To get some insights about the future from two respected thinkers, YOUTH magazine visited Dr. Margaret Mead, famed anthropologist of the American Museum of Natural History, and Dr. Roger L. Shinn, theologian at Union Theological Seminary in New York City. They are co-leaders of a U.S. task force exploring the future and the churches' role in a technological world.



What are some guidelines for thinking about the future?

Mead: How you think about the future is how you make it real in your own life. And you don't make it real by worrying about those natural things which are sufficiently pre-determined that they can be predicted and which we're probably not going to be able to prevent.

Shinn: Part of the trouble is that so many people feel that nothing they do makes a difference. That is one of the diseases of our time.

Mead: Yes, and another trouble is that if people feel the future is pre-determined, then they may want to know what kind of a role they can have in it. For example, when you try to divine what kinds of jobs will be available ten years from now, which nation will be dominant

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the planet 50 years from now, many people limit their thinking to what their own chance is within that pre-determined future. They don't **think** about the future or try to improve it, but are controlled by it.

Shinn: There are so many things that are going to be determined by human decisions, but the individual person doesn't always see how he can affect these decisions. War is the biggest example of this. It's not nature that determines war — it's human decisions. People — like the youth who get drafted — feel this decision-making is out of their hands, so now our whole society has got to find ways to make it possible for people to have a hand in shaping their own destinies, even if their share is a small one.

Mead: Well, it may be very small or it may be very large. If one happens to be a member of a bomber crew who is selected to drop the first bomb on Hiroshima, those particular pilots ten years before had absolutely no way of knowing

that they would be carrying out a crucial act. And if they had known this at the time it happened, they might have made a different decision. So that if one lives as if any moment one may be in a position that's crucial — recognizing that most of the time most people aren't—it gives a different picture of what life is going to be like.

Shinn: What worries me most is the sense of futility so many young people have about political action. Now I don't say that political action is the whole deal—there's an awful lot in personal life, in family life and so on — but a lot of the big decisions are going to be made politically, and if kids cop out on those, they're just writing off their participation in the future.

What do you feel about the attitudes of young people today?

Mead: One of the things that encourages me is when they accuse each other of apathy, because you don't accuse people of apathy if you're not concerned yourself.

Shinn: Young people are clued into the world in a way that older people aren't. For example, sometimes young people have a superb sensitivity to what the human needs really are in this world. On the other hand, part of their experience includes a wavering intensity of emotional responses — peaks and valleys — which precludes consistent commitment and work on one cause. An awful lot of problems take consistent plugging at. You can't get excited,

say, about the McCarthy campaign one year, go all out, and then if that doesn't work decide the whole thing is a failure.

Mead: Of course, the fascinating thing is it **did** work! It accomplished the abdication of Lyndon Johnson, who probably was the most powerful man who has ever abdicated in the whole of history. And this was accomplished by the work that kids did in that primary. And yet, because they didn't accomplish **everything** they wanted, they became disaffected. I think a lot of it is due to electricity.

Shinn: To what?!

Mead: To electricity! Young people today have grown up always being able to push a button and get a light. They've never even had to use matches except in a Boy Scout drill. All their lives, everything they've been in, they expect to happen at once. So life supplies immediate satisfaction. And when things don't work we give up very quickly.

What about the rapid changes young people have witnessed in their own lifetimes?

Mead: They haven't witnessed this at all! They're too young. If young people had more appreciation from their grandparents of what's happened in the past, they'd have more understanding of what's happening today. But most of them simply write their grandparents off — and their parents, too — as not understanding anything. With so much to understand about the



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past and with the kids so often being put down by their elders when they start arguing about past facts, it's often easier for kids just to write history off and start from now. Of course, if the kids do that, they don't get any sense of progression, or evolution. If you don't have some idea of the past, I don't see how you can have any idea of the future, or of change.

How can we learn from the past?

Mead: We can learn about the nature of change. For example, soon after the first satellites went up, we discovered children were drawing pictures in school of frog men and getting interested in going deep into the sea. And we invented the phrase "inner space" to balance "outer space." We also found that as more science fiction went into the future, young people got more interested in archaeology and very early man, and stretched their thinking way back. By anchoring yourself far enough back, you are able to look into a far enough future.

Shinn: One thing you learn from the past is that suffering is part of life. It's not the whole of life, by any means, but it is a part of life. You learn that certain evils are stubborn. Now I don't want to do away with youthful impatience, for this country has been too patient about race prejudice, injustice, poverty and so on. And impatience is refreshing. But what's horrible is that kind of impatience which demands immedi-

ate results and then quits if you don't get them.

Mead: The kind of life young people have seen as they were growing up is one in which a person quits whenever he doesn't like something. If people didn't like their jobs, they quit. If they didn't like the house they were living in, they moved. Whatever you didn't like, you left. All this was a sort of freedom. But with the changed economic climate today, young people are beginning to realize that this sort of thing doesn't go on forever — that we have been temporarily on an affluence binge.

Shinn: This economic side is awfully important. The classical theory that we've been taught is that poor people are discontented and radical, while rich people are conservative. I think among youth it tends to be the other way round. It's the second-generation affluent youth who are discontented with the society. The poor, some of them concentrated in the ethnic groups, have a lot of the old-fashioned ambitions.

And at this point, I wish young people would talk to each other more than they do. There's a terrific gap between academic students and students who become manual laborers and blue collar workers. If these kids would talk with each other, they'd teach each other something, and all of us could get in on the learning.

It's very possible that there will never be another age in history



that will consume at the rate we do. And we may have to learn some of the old-fashioned disciplines of saving and being careful of our resources. Some of the young people are helping us now in that they've had enough of this life-style of conspicuous waste. Nobody has found the answer, but they are experimenting in different life-styles that the human race may need one of these days.

Do you feel the group that wants to change things is a majority?

Mead: Oh, no. You can't ever have a majority of people who want to change things. You never have more than a small group on the growing edge of change. The exasperating thing is that the people who live on the edge complain that all the other people live in the middle. But how could they be on the edge if the other people weren't in the middle? People never recognize that! So they look around and hardly anybody else is interested in the thing they're interested in, and they feel discouraged. There's always been very few people who are really keen and alert all the time.

What about some of the things young people are experimenting with today — like communes and changes in sexual morality?

Mead: In a period with change as rapid as this, and where we're very uncertain of what direction we're going, you're bound to have a lot of experimentation. And of course, this country is a country of experimentation. We've always had communes. The country is just bristling with communes from the Mayflower on. So that the only thing that is very different today is the mass media. If we'd had mass media when the One Community was formed, I can't see the headlines! But in those days we didn't, so nobody but the neighbors knew what people were doing. And we've had groups in the past who gave up sex altogether (of course they didn't for very long!). People have tried a great variety of life-styles before. The point is that now people know what other people are doing, and that speeds the process up. It also standardizes it enormously.

What about when you're caught in the middle of these changes?



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example, a college girl who says if she doesn't go to bed with her boyfriend, somebody else will. She's rebelling against this "new morality" and yet she feels caught in it.

Mead: That's been a standard operating case for 50 years, you know. And if you're going to compete with the other girl simply on the basis of her going to bed with your boyfriend, you don't get anywhere as far as your own integrity as a human being is concerned. That kind of thinking didn't get you anywhere in the 1920s and it doesn't get you anywhere now. The only change since the 1920s has been an incredible, endless amount of talk, aided by our mass media. And the mass media has made it acceptable to talk, and they've changed the whole vocabulary, and made it possible to talk about sex all the time. When people talk about it all the time, they usually aren't very busy with sex.

Shinn: But there's a difference now because all the talk makes for a public atmosphere which contains a lot of pressure. So certain people feel abnormal now if they're

not indulging in what they're told everybody else is doing. Where once they didn't feel that abnormality.

Mead: This was pretty true in the 20s, Roger, except they just didn't tell their mothers and the dean of women. But as far as the pressure that young people exerted on each other, there was a good deal of pressure in the 1920s. There's been pressure for a long time from young people on each other. **Shinn:** I'm thinking about Rollo May, who, as a psychotherapist, says that a few years back he was meeting people who were troubled by guilt connected with their sexual habits. Now he doesn't find people who feel guilty, but he finds people who feel kind of empty — they've tried everything and found no satisfaction. Wouldn't that reflect a change in times?

Mead: No, I think that's a change in who goes and talks to Rollo May! But the real truth is that worrying about whether or not you are normal is not new. When we worked on the adolescent study in the 1930s, the question everyone asked was, "Am I normal?"

Shinn: Recently we've been through a period of intense concentration on the nuclear family, where everybody who doesn't fit that pattern has been left out. I think we're snapping out of this. One thing the communes are discovering is that there are all kinds of human relations — that a child doesn't have to take his picture of adults solely from his parents.

Although none of these far-out communes are likely to become the models for society any more than they did in the 19th century, I would expect some modification of our intensity on the nuclear family. At one time the love for your kids meant that you regarded the neighbor's kids as rivals, now it is hoped that your love for your kids should make you **more** sensitive to the needs of the neighbor kids.

Mead: I think we also have to recognize that the nuclear family and the kind of house that we built for it to live in — by the thousands in developments — was no place for an adolescent at all. Actually, adults started pushing kids out the minute they look reasonably mature. And the kids felt they were being pushed out. At first there was no place for them to go, except to get married, so we had this very early marriage age in the 1950s. Today there's not such a push towards marriage in high school or early college. But they have got to find some place to go. So some people are trying to build places where young

people can live and work and go to school and support each other. Now, I'd like to see that, combined with some older people and some little children. I'd like to see a society with a full-blown neighborhood in which there was a place for young people — well insulated for sound, so they could make as much music as they want to and not drive their elders crazy — living close to other people, but not with their parents.

Now I find that although young people want to reject a lot of the things their parents say, at the same time, they don't want to break their ties. This adult generation had a large number of very devoted parents who really wanted children, the right kind of home for their children, and the best kind of education and vocational training. We've now decided a lot of that wasn't good, but it doesn't mean that the sort of devotion that went into all that wasn't good. As much as they differ with their parents or may want a different life-style for themselves, many youth still have an affection for their parents and a recognition of what their parents felt and did for them.

How do you motivate people to participate in changing things to be better?

Mead: What you have to do is develop a style and get people who could implement the style interested in what you're doing. For example, good schools today permit young people a tremendous



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TRANSCEND
SOCIAL AND
MEDIA
PRESSURES

amount of experimentation, especially in the last year of high school. So that's a time when they can experiment with new kinds of town planning. Now you can start that in fifth grade by picketing the factory that's pouring cyanide into the creek. And the high school kids can organize the fifth grade children to understand what's happening. High school people can go around town and photograph the dumps, the old cars, the ugliness of the gas station which nobody tried to improve because they just sat and said it was ugly. They can very rapidly begin to have a sense that they're influencing what is happening because they are taking some action themselves.

If you belong to a club which

has only ten members, and a caucus is six, if you don't go, there may not be a caucus and they can't do anything. Now if you start out by belonging to something with 6000 members, you can't see what you're doing as well. Although it may be significant, you can't see it. So you start with things you can see.

Shinn: A lot of people are uptight about change these days, and really try to hang on to the past. And this is why we talk so much about polarization in our society. Now I think we're living in a world where there are really good reasons to run scared on a lot of issues. But to have a rational fear is very different from having fear paralyze you or drive you berserk so you can run off and do any



"THE BIG JOB AHEAD OF US IN RELIGIOUS FAITH IS BRINGING TOGETHER THINKING AND FEELING."

darn-fool thing that pops into your mind. We're just going to have to live with this polarization. It's characteristic of times of insecurity. Within this insecurity is one place where religious faith might make a difference. Faith has always told us that there's no such thing as total security. And that to live with an awareness of some insecurity — life **is** taking risks — is much of what it is to be human.

A lot of young people today even wonder if religious faith is a live option any more.

Mead: Many of today's young people grew up in the families that had very little religious faith, but sent their children to Sunday School. These people never had any religious struggle. You can learn a lot more about religion from an agnostic or an atheist who

has worked at it, than from someone who takes it for granted. Sunday School wasn't meant to teach religion. It was only meant to teach religious literacy among people who already had faith. Most of these young people are able to see religious faith in anything their elders are doing or anything which happens in formal church service. So they need to devise ways of their own which would bring them back the sense of participation.

Shinn: I see signs of a tremendous amount of religious feeling and interest among young people — in rock music with religious themes, the interest in Jesus, mysticism, the astrology kick — which indicates some sense that there are imponderables in life and it isn't all just packaged and un-

your control. These interests run in unconventional channels especially in the counter-culture because the conventional channels have been so dry and routine.

Now the question for the older generation is: how do you get out of a set of drab routines and infuse some vitality into all this? And the question for the younger generation is: how do you bring these varied interests into relationship with some kind of rational discipline? Because religious faith is not just a lot of gut feelings and nonsensical beliefs. To bring the two together — thinking and feeling — is the big job ahead of us.

In this inner searching, are young people going in the right direction?

Shinn: They are going in every old new direction! It's chaotic, confusing and stimulating. To learn that religious music doesn't have to be done with an organ is great. On the other hand, to decide that it can only be done with a guitar is a lot of foolishness. The failure to apply some tests of common sense, rationality and scientific reason is not a very good thing.

How can you two — an anthropologist and a theologian — sit down and feel comfortable together?

Shinn: We're both dealing with human experience.

Mead: We're both dealing with Christianity.

As a scientist, do you feel at ease with this?

Mead: I feel at ease with it as a

person! I don't think one's relationship to Christianity is a function of whether one is a banker or a physicist or a poet.

Shinn: But you would have a conflict if a theologian, on the one hand, decided that theology was a body of truth that came down packaged from heaven and telling all about human life, and if, on the other hand, an anthropologist went out with empirical methods and discovered what goes on in human life, and if both thought their own findings were the only truth. However, if you decide that faith is part of life and you are always working with human experiences and trying to clarify it—reason it through, you don't have a necessary conflict.

Where's the hope in all this confusion?

Mead: There are a tremendous number of prophets of doom roaming around over society. I encounter a great many young people who say, "You're the first person who's spoken with any hope that we've heard speak for two years." These prophets of doom don't leave young people with any sense either that there's a future, or that they have a role in shaping that future. We have a generation of people who think the government should do everything, and who simply don't understand when I say, "The government is you."

I never paint a gloomy picture without saying, "The next steps are . . . This is what we have to

do . . ." And then I try to see what in the present situation is promising. For instance, we recognize now that the most endangered thing on this planet is the air. There's a very thin cover of atmosphere on this earth. Outside of that thin layer, there is nothing that can nourish life. So we're sharing a common problem on the whole planet. For the first time, this gives man a chance to get off the ground and share — really share — life-giving air and atmosphere.

Shinn: This sharing is so important, especially to a generation raised in a pretty individualistic and competitive ethic. There are many problems ahead of us that cannot be solved competitively. Now some kinds of planning can take away freedom; but there are some kinds of freedom you can't have without planning. And freedom to breathe clean air is one of them. And you can't solve that problem competitively any more.

Mead: It's not only breathing clean air: It's protecting the air around the whole planet so life can survive. It's a planetary problem, not a local one.

If we need a new world consciousness, a concern beyond ourselves, does this mean we have to step back from our affluent, highly-developed society and wait for the rest of the world to catch up?

Mead: I would not call it "stepping back" to get rid of the tyranny of things. And we have produced a

form of life that is tyrannical — the extreme, destructive to the ecosystem, to human life and human relations. What we need is transformation, not regression.

But we also have to realize that the rest of the world is never going to catch up to where we are now, because if we stay here there won't be any world. What we've got to do is to move somewhere else in concert with the rest of the world.

There's a mistaken idea that nations must give up sovereignty for the sake of international cooperation. So one group of people are for international relations and another group is for patriotism or love of one's country. But now the two are joined because, love your country or family or child as much as you can, you can only save these things you love by saving everything else. And so there is no longer the same kind of conflict that there used to be between patriotism, which defended one's own country, and nationalism, which was dangerous to the world.

Shinn: Social change is usually a combination of two things — necessity and some kind of vision for something better. So when you get an awareness of certain old ways that just aren't working and then a picture of something that really can be more attractive, people will move. There are signs it's happening.

Maybe we're beginning to catch up with something we've been

preaching all along—stewardship and brotherhood?

Mead: Yes, like “feed the hungry” which was one of the admonitions given to the people by Jesus Christ and that Christians have tried to live. But who could they feed? A few beggars at the gate? A few orphan children? Until we raised agriculture to the point where we could feed the world, the most devoted Christians could only do two things: they themselves could refuse to eat because others were starving, or they could feed the beggars at the gate. That was all.

One of the terrible things at present is the sense of futility and frustration and rage that we **can** now feed people—on a large scale not just a personal scale—we **can** carry out the admonitions of Christianity and we’re not doing it.

Shinn: This suggests that the technology that is almost a demon in the minds of some people really makes possible for the first time a realization of ethical ideas. But there’s nothing about technology that’s going to do that automatically. It’s going to take human decisions.□

“WE HAVE PRODUCED A NEW FORM OF LIFE THAT IS TYRANNICAL, DESTRUCTIVE TO THE ECOSPHERE, TO HUMAN LIFE AND HUMAN RELATIONS. WHAT WE NEED IS A TRANSFORMATION.”





the
12 days
and
nightmares
of
christmas

BY DOUG BRUNNER



hi, haven't
seen you
since last
christmas . . .

i was
sick
easter



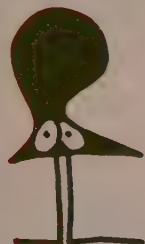
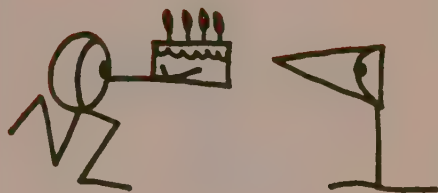
you can always tell
a religious town,
they put their
decorations up
in october



i want to be
like jesus,
fat and jolly . . .



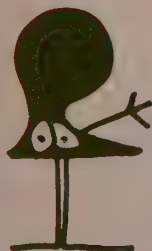
this year
we're going
to celebrate
christmas
the right
way . . .



do you know
why white
society
only cares
about santa
claus?



a christmas
tree offers
us the
unique
experience
of bringing
nature into
our home



they found
out jesus
was black

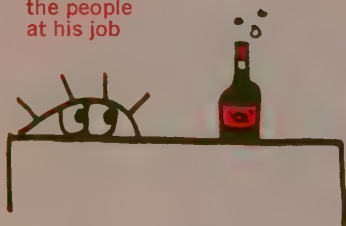
now we can
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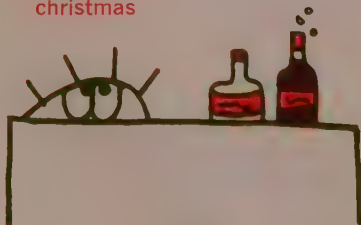
every night my
father comes
home with
another bottle



he says they're
gifts from
the people
at his job



i guess alcohol
is the holy
water of
christmas



i've broke
last year's
record



already i've
received
139
christmas
cards

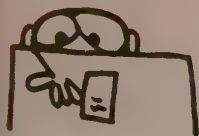


do you
realize
what this
means?

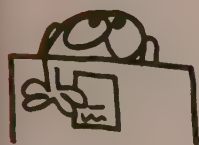


i'm loved

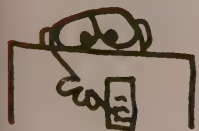




dad and
mom gave
me a bike,
i gave them
a shaver
and
perfume



my sister
gave me a
book, i gave
her a pencil
sharpener



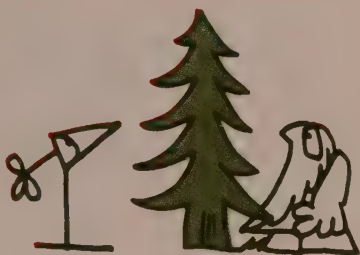
my grand-
parents
gave me
cash, i gave
them a
picture
of me



i'm happy
to report
we made a
profit
this year

how much
for this
tree?

fifteen
dollars



maybe an
artificial
tree would
be cheaper . . .

but just think
of the
traditional
christmas
you'll be
missing out on



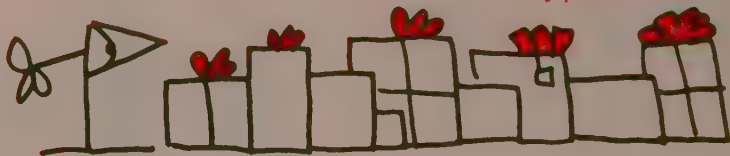
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do you need
any lights,
bulbs, tinsel,
angel hair
or beads . . .



where are you?

i'm looking for
my presents



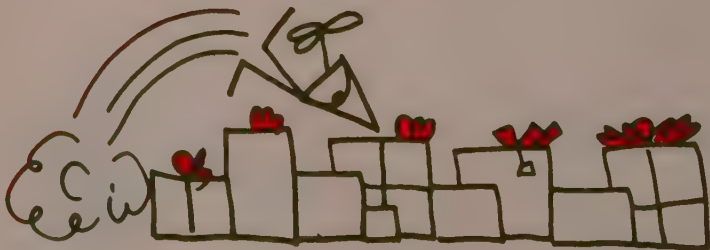
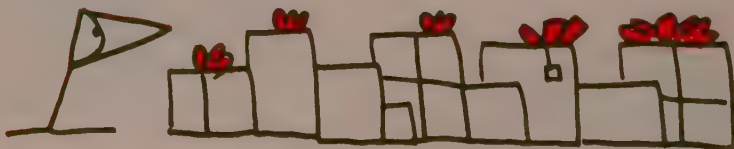
that's not
right

why?



you're supposed
to wait

wow! this big
one's for you . . .





rudolph the
red-nosed
reindeer . . .



i'm dreaming
of a white
christmas . . .



santa claus
is coming to
town . . .



those christmas
carols are
inspiring



Blue Grass Blooms at Bean Blossom

Story and Photos by Bob Krueger

The town of Bean Blossom, located in the rolling hill country of southern Indiana, consists of three gas stations, two fresh fruit stands, a Dairy Queen, an IGA supermarket, and The Lavender Lounge Restaurant and Curio Shop. It also has Bluegrass Park, which serves as the home of the annual Bean Blossom Bluegrass Festival.

I pulled into the park early Monday morning, just in time for the Barbeque Bean Day, which wasn't what I really wanted after a 1500-mile drive in a '59 VW. Driving through the campground looking for some friends and a place to set up my tent, I saw that there were already several hundred as-

sorted vans, tents, and campers scattered around the grounds.

Whether by design or (probably) by accident, the population of the park had more or less segregated itself. Coming in through the main gate I first came on families with Elvis-Presley and beehive hairdos setting up picnic tables and Coleman stoves around their chrome campers and Sears and Roebuck brella tents. While this scene was taking place in the meadow to the right of the stage, I wandered through the woods to the left and found an ever-increasing number of beards and granny dresses and a motley assortment of vans, buses and back-packer tents.



marked the "freak" enclave. Here I found a spot relatively free from poison ivy, set up camp and began to tour the campground to get an idea of what the Bean Blossom Festival was all about.

There are hundreds of music festivals scattered throughout the country every summer. Although Rock festivals have received the most publicity, they actually make up a very small proportion of the total number of gatherings. This summer more than 200 Bluegrass, old-time, and fiddle festivals dominated the music scene, until they seem to have reached the point of overkill. While the majority of these have sprung up in the past few years, there are some, such as the "Old-Time Fiddlers Convention" at Union Grove, N.C., that have been around for up to 48 years. The Bean Blossom affair, one of the larger and better known of these festivals, has been put on annually for the past six years by Bill Monroe, who is often referred to as the "Father of Bluegrass."

Bill Monroe began his professional career in 1930, when at the age of 19 he joined the band of his older brothers, Charlie and Birch. In 1939 Bill, who by then had formed his own group, began his 33-year stint on the "Grand Ole Opry." The alumni of Monroe's band would read like a Who's Who of Bluegrass, with almost every major exponent of the art having served time with "Bill Monroe

and His Bluegrass Boys."

Just prior to the opening of this year's festival, Monroe was named an honorary page to the U.S. House of Representatives and Tennessee declared June Bluegrass month. One spectator at the festival asked why Bill Monroe was so famous. The answer offered was, "Because he once had Lester Flatt and Earl Scruggs in his band." While this might be stretching the point, it was during their short collaboration in the mid-40's that the form we know today as Bluegrass was developed.

The major difference between Bluegrass and the older forms of country string band music of the 20's and 30's is the driving three-finger banjo style developed and popularized by Scruggs. This rolling syncopated style was developed from the older drone thumb, two-finger picking technique. The three-finger roll sets the pace and feel that has come to typify what we know as Bluegrass and has led to it being called "fast music with overdrive." The typical makeup of a Bluegrass band is about the same as the Country string band of the 30's—guitar, banjo, fiddle, mandolin, and often bass and dobro guitar.

Bluegrass takes its roots from many of the same musical forms of Rock. The Blues roots can clearly be seen in such songs as Bill Monroe's rendition of Jimmie Rogers' "Muleskinner Blues." Bluegrass also owes much to the

Anglo traditions of the southern Appalachians with their modal tunes and phrasing much akin to the English and Scottish balladry. This is especially evident in the singing of groups like "The Lilly Brothers" and "Ralph Stanley and the Clinch Mountain Boys." Someone once referred to this as "the high lonesome sound."

During the 60's, the Flatt and Scruggs group spread the popularity of Bluegrass to urban audiences through appearances on college campuses, at Carnegie Hall and the Newport Folk Festival, and through the theme from the movie "Bonnie and Clyde." They also carried the appreciation of Bluegrass and Country music to Europe and Japan. In Japan, Bluegrass bands are greeted with packed houses and screaming crowds usually reserved for Rock superstars. Japan has even produced its own bands, one of which, "The Crying Time," appeared at Bean Blossom with renditions of "Y'all Come" in Japanese and a Bluegrass variation of a traditional Japanese song "Sakura" ("Cherry Blossom Special").

The planned portion of the program was held in an outdoor amphitheatre consisting of an open bandstand facing a hillside. Wooden benches with a seating capacity of about 700 covered the area immediately in front of the stage, while a sloping hillside to the right offered room for another 1000. Over 30,000 people bought



Around the grounds, various impromptu bands formed wherever more than two musicians assembled



tickets, and between 10,000 and 15,000 attended on any one day. These figures would doubtless have been higher except for the small problem with the weather—it rained four inches Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, turning the grounds into a sea of mud. During the downpours the program was moved to a large barn near the entrance. But around the grounds the various undaunted impromptu bands, which seemed to form wherever more than two musicians assembled, simply moved into their tents and campers to continue playing. One camper was sporting a four-piece band, several spectators, and two dogs as it slowly settled into the mud.

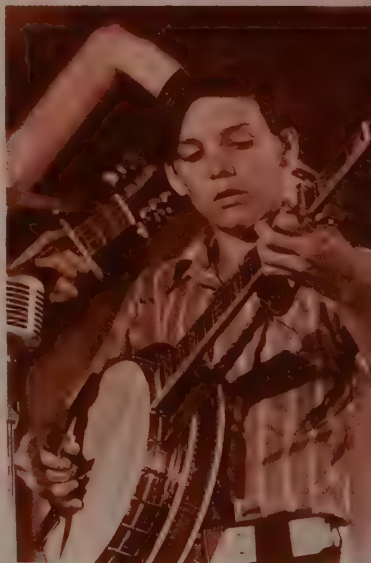
Officially, the daily program ran roughly from about noon to midnight, but the impromptu playing around the grounds began at 7 a.m. (when the fiddle player camped to one side of me started in) and lasted till 3 or 4 a.m. (when the banjo player on the other side finally hung it up for the night). The beauty of not being tied down to electric instruments is that you are not limited by how far your cord can reach, so you can play wherever and whenever the mood strikes. Because of this there was as much or more music going on around the campgrounds as there was on stage.

Most of the name groups were not scheduled until later in the week, so for the first few days we were subjected to a never-ending

Five-year-old
Charley Calton
sings his solo,
"Lover's Dream."



*Bluegrass seems to be a
point of common
communication between the
life styles*



Bob Hill won first place in the banjo
contest and a guest spot on
the "Grand Ole' Opry."



Singers from the "Jim and Jessie Show" treat the audience to their rendition of Bluegrass favorites.



"Eddie Adcock and the II Generation" presented songs outside the Bluegrass standard material.

show the previous year) were not asked to play this time. Explanations for their exclusion ranged from antagonism toward their long hair to the fact that much of their material was borrowed from Jazz, Rock, and the classics and worked into a Bluegrass presentation.

One group on the program that was beginning to look outside of the Bluegrass standard for their material was "Eddie Adcock and The II Generation," who were doing a fine job with things like "Mrs. Robinson" and Neil Young's "Old Man." They too had their problems. "The reason you can't hear us," said Eddie Adcock, "is because the public address system is turned down. That's what happens when you're not quite Bluegrass enough any more." When Bill Clifton appeared with friends Mike Seegar and Tracy Schwarz of "The New Lost City Ramblers," a bulldozer suddenly started grading the road in back of the amphitheatre and all but drowned out Mike Seeger's autoharp—not an approved Bluegrass instrument.

The segregation of life or musical styles that appeared on stage was not reflected in the impromptu sessions around the campground, because when a group needed a fiddle player it didn't matter how long his hair was as long as he knew the tunes. The sunset jam session Friday evening brought together about everybody who could pick an instrument. One



The alumni of Bill Monroe's band would read like a Who's Who of Bluegrass



Bill Monroe, the "Father of Bluegrass"

bearded long hair said, "I guess this is one way to say I once played with Bill Monroe."

As you begin to look at most of the major names in Bluegrass, such as Bill Monroe, Don Reno, Ralph Stanley, Lester Flatt and Earl Scruggs, you find that the majority of them have been around longer than Bluegrass. It is even more disheartening to see most of the young talent in the Country music field gravitating away from the traditional forms and into the more lucrative Country-pop fields where music becomes strictly a business and you get the kind of pabulum dispensed by singers like Glen Campbell. Bluegrass offers these younger performers little in the way of monetary rewards. Of the 30 or so bands at Bean Blossom, only about one-half can make a full-time living with their music. As one of them put it, "It's been hard times getting this far and we ain't hardly got out of the mud yet." Even the superstars of Bluegrass don't make more than the average "club circuit" Rock, folk, or pop performers.

The odd twist is that young city-bred musicians are discovering traditional Country music, and they have become the most likely candidates to carry on the tradition of Bluegrass as well as other forms of mountain music. What these "City Billy's," as someone once called them, are often times doing is going beyond simply regurgitating the older tunes, and

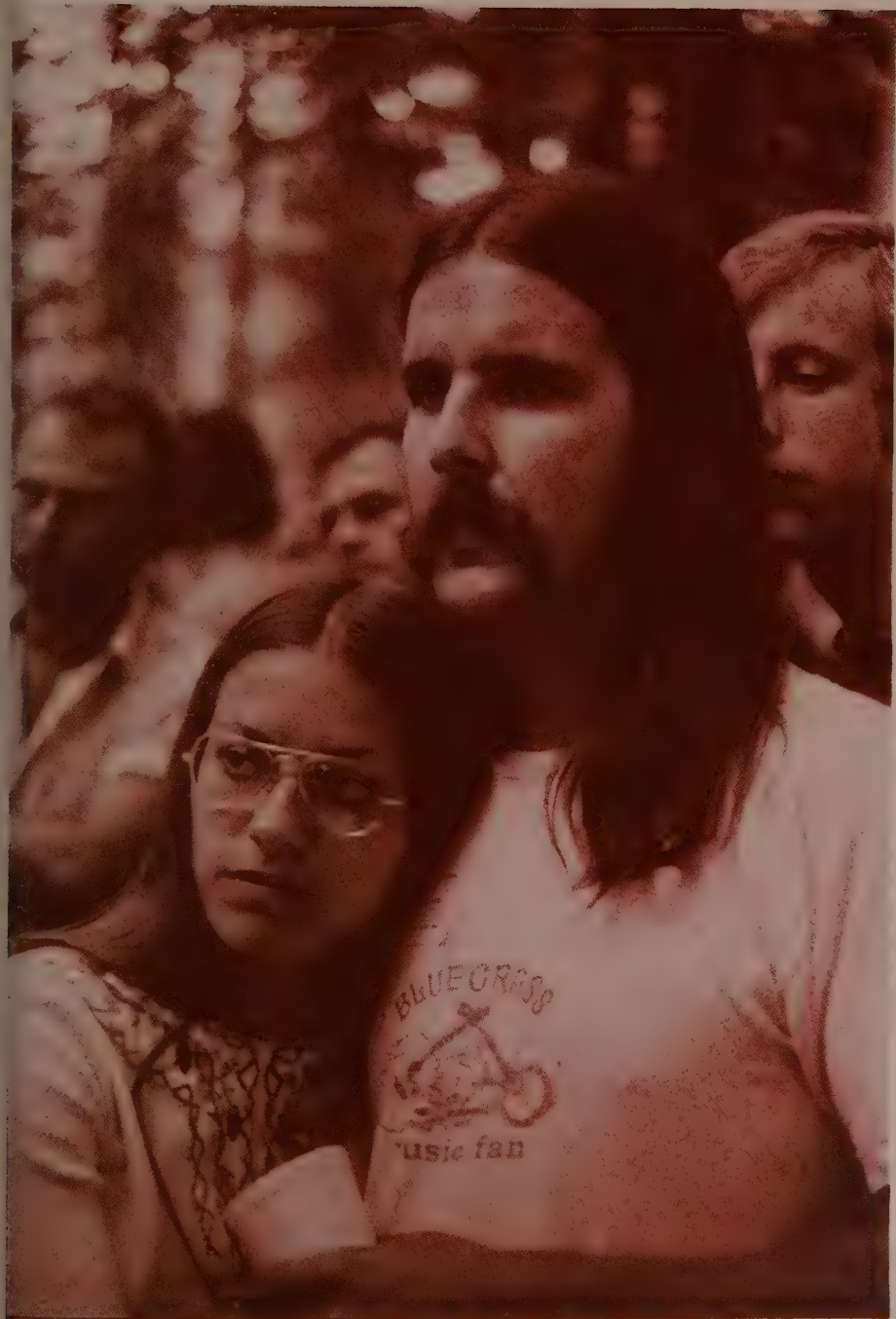
bringing other forms into the Bluegrass style. Borrowing from their own urban forms and welding them to the traditional styles, they develop new concepts that are not always looked upon by the established musicians with favor.

It is obvious that many of the older musicians are beginning to realize the need for new young blood, and they go out of their way to help young aspirants from the right side of the campground. Fifteen-year-old Bob Hill from Irish

The Woodstock Generation has discovered Country music, too and they should have a chance to be heard

Hills, Mich., won \$100 and a guest spot with Bill Monroe on the "Grand Ole' Opry" as first place in the banjo contest. And there was the 13-year-old mandolin picker who gave some of the veterans a good go 'round.

But the Woodstock Generation too, has discovered Country music and they should be given a chance to be heard. Bluegrass, unlike most other forms, seems to be a point of common communication between two divergent life styles. As Bill Monroe said at the closing of the festival, "Isn't it great that we can all play together? Let's see. □





SOME QUESTIONS

One other day a friend challenged my judgement

Why does the slightest criticism hurt my ego?

I thought I liked myself until someone came along

And gave me a kick when I didn't ask for it.

Told me a truth I didn't want to hear

Help me to listen to others openly and still know I'm okay.

Last night's conversation really upset me

Why do disagreements between myself and others become so easily transformed into frozen principles?

Do different points of view have to become hardened

and personalized into life and death arguments?

Help me to see when this is happening and look for ways of

reconciliation based on the issue at stake and not on my own winning.

What my neighbor is doing is dishonest and illegal.

Why can't I pull myself together and find the courage

to take a stand and tell him?

It's so hard not to get angry when I feel strongly

about something, it's so hard to be courageous when

my stomach turns over and my mouth goes dry

Help me to be understanding, but firm, to speak out when I see evil

but not become presumptuous in the process.

That rainy Saturday afternoon made me feel lonely.

Why is it when I have some free time I become depressed and
engloved inside myself?

I start wondering who my friends are and why they can't

anticipate my needs and respond to me

Help me to reach deeper, especially when the clouds descend

and self pity beckons, so that I can turn unwanted loneliness

into creative solitude

Oh God, it's not easy, but I WILL try



“I Thought Only About Getting Up”

by Robert H. Midgley

The spotlight shines on the center rink at the Olympic Skating Arena in Sapporo, Japan. A lithe young figure, all concentration, glides and leaps and spins through a meticulously planned figure skating routine. Years of effort are invested in this moment, along with the encouragement of family, coaches, friends and well-wishers.

She whirls on the gleaming ice doing double axels, flips, camels and laybacks. Next a flying spin. And then it happens! A skate slips. She loses her balance. The ice comes up fast. The flying sit spin turns into an old fashioned prat-fall. Janet Lynn, U.S.A. Women's Figure Skating Champion, is sprawled unceremoniously on the ice as thousands of spectators in the arena and millions of viewers all over the world gasp. Janet has just committed the cardinal sin of figure skaters.

Quick as a cat she is on her skates again, instinctively responding like a champion. But the TV cameras catch a close-up of her spontaneous smile which seems to confess to the world, "Oh, oh, I goofed!"

As the music plays on, Janet hears the tempo and is back into her routine. Now she knows she must pull out all the stops and skate as she has never skated before. In whirling, carefree abandon she finishes her routine in a spray of ice chips that glint in the spotlights. The crowd is on its feet applauding and cheering wildly.

The judges' scores go up on the board and another roar of approval fills the arena. Eighteen-year-old Janet Lynn, from Rockford, Ill., has just won an Olympic Bronze Medal.

Since Janet's fall during her Sapporo performance, many people have wondered why she didn't become rattled and end up stumbling through the rest of her program. Much of the answer lies in Janet Lynn's love of skating for its own sake rather than as a means of winning medals and honors. This attitude shows on her face in a winsome, genuine smile which never seems to fade away even when she is performing the most intricate patterns that demand every ounce of energy she can muster. The Emperor of Japan is reported to have said, "If gold medals were given to skaters for smiling, Janet Lynn would win easily."

The other reason for Janet's quick and professional recovery is her long hours of hard work and tedious practice sessions. During her senior year in high school, Janet, who is five feet two inches and weighs 107 pounds, was up each day at 6 a.m. for two hours of practice before school, and another three or four hours after school, in preparation for Sapporo. But she is used to tough schedules and her work has paid off. Her first championship came when she was only 8 years old and was crowned Midwestern Novice

Ladies Champion. In the 1968 Olympics, when she was 14, she placed ninth. Since 1969 she has been the Women's National Figure Skating Champion. And after the '72 Olympics she went on to win a Bronze Medal in the World Championships at Calgary, Canada.

Practicing figure skating is not always the free swinging, leaping and gliding activity seen in an actual performance. Practice sessions consist of "patches," a set length of time with a set goal to accomplish. Many of the patches concentrate on the prescribed "school figures," a tracing and re-tracing of certain symmetrical patterns on the ice until they can be perfectly reproduced with the blades following exactly the same cut they made the last time around. Janet admits that this is the most difficult and nerve-racking part of figure skating for her.

Many TV watchers of the Olympic competition felt that Janet Lynn deserved the Silver or even the Gold Medal at Sapporo. To them, Beatrice Shuba of Austria, the Gold Medal winner, seemed stiff and wooden in her free skating performance. Janet does not agree.

"Beatrice is one of the nicest persons I know," Janet says. "She really deserved to win the Gold Medal. What people saw on television was not what Beatrice does best. In school figures she is really fantastic. I'd say Karen Mag-

nussen from Canada (Silver Medal winner) is my top competitor. I must say the Canadians were really great to me. All the competitors got along really well. We never have time to be together in competitions, but in the exhibitions afterwards it's good to know them as friends."

In skating competitions, Janet does not think of herself as competing against the other participants. She competes only against herself both in practice and actual competitions. "I never compete against the others because this brings out a negative habit and reaction in you. I skate for love of skating, not to put anyone else down."

Olympic competition takes a toll, even among the best of champions. "When I got home," Janet explains, "I took a day to get caught up. Then I skated six to eight hours a day. But I let down and I only had ten days to get back up for the World Championships at Calgary so I wasn't as strong there as I was at the Olympics. At competitions you have everything every minute of the day. You put everything together all that you've learned all year. I was there at the Olympics for three weeks. It was three weeks of strain. I didn't realize until I got home that my whole body and mind were completely exhausted."

When Janet Lynn came home to Rockford, her world-wide popularity followed her. Mail and p

"Skating is a way I have of expressing myself just as some kids do through music or art."



Wide World Photos

ages arrived in duffle bags. The neighborhood mailman, George Szuminski, says, "You can't believe it unless you see it. Nobody gets that much mail. No one street gets that much mail. Not even the President gets that much mail." Janet's family finally solved the delivery problem by giving Mr. Szuminski a key to the house.

Janet Lynn's championship skating has been a family project. Her father, Mr. Florian Nowicki ("I dropped the last name when skating because nobody ever gets it right and Lynn sounds more American") is a pharmacist and drugstore owner. He says, "We have not tried to push Janet into competitive skating. But since her potential ability was discovered way back when she was five or six years old, we have done what we could to provide the opportunity if she wished to follow skating."

A few years ago this led to a

family decision to move from Chicago to Rockford where Janet could be tutored by the outstanding skating coach, Slavka Kahout, at the Wagon Wheel Skating Club in nearby Rockton. Janet's mother has been her business manager, secretary, traveling companion and schedule keeper. Grandfather Gus Gehrke moved in to help with the chauffeuring and housework while Mrs. Nowicki was on the road with Janet.

There is a feeling of strength and solidarity in the Nowicki family. Sister Carol, 15, is a sophomore in high school. Brother Larry recently graduated from the Air Force Academy. Brother Glenn is a college senior and was a nationally ranked wrestler for the University of Missouri. Janet says, "My family has given up a lot for me. My brothers and sisters are always helping each other and me. We're a close-knit family and I'm



grateful for that."

However, Janet's championship status gives her no special privileges at home. Recently she got her driver's license and took the family car to skating practice one morning. By the time she arrived late at Guilford High School, she hurriedly put the car in a no parking zone. At the end of the day, the car had been ticketed by the police, her first violation. She was naturally upset and took the ticket to the drugstore to tell her father the problem. Some parents, under the circumstances, might have dismissed the incident and paid the fine themselves. Instead, Mr. Nowicki said to his daughter, "You figure out when you can come down to the store and work four hours. I'll pay you \$1.25 an hour so you can pay your fine."

Skating exhibitions have taken Janet to 15 countries around the world. "Every nation has its own

way of living. For example, I don't understand why the Russian people want to live there. Everything runs according to a pattern. Everything is planned."

But Janet realizes the Russians are very creative in their skating. "I think for many, skating is perhaps an escape from rules and regulations which the country is bound up in. In fact," she adds, "I think the same is true of me. Skating is an outlet for me. It's the only way I have of expressing myself, just as some kids do through music or art. I know I take out my emotions in my skating. Sometimes I feel hatred or anger in my skating. I find I can turn it into love when I put forth the effort of skating and creating a new routine."

The busy schedule and national prominence are glamorous but also exhausting. So now that the Olympic competition is behind her, Janet tries to seek some time

"My family has given up a lot for me. My brothers and sister are always helping each other and me."

alone. "Sometimes the pressures of being in skating competition are unbelievable," she admits. "And a person gets tired of having an image to keep up all the time. I find that late at night after all the rest have gone to bed I can have some 'me time.' The days are so busy, but my family sometimes goes to bed early. Then I find I use that time just to do what I want to do. Sometimes I read or I write prose, just putting down my thoughts. Later on, when I have to give a speech, I turn to those notes for inspiration and ideas."

Janet Lynn might not have gone as far as she has if it were not for her sense of humor that keeps her loose even in the tightest situations. When a reporter, hoping to get a dramatic inside story for the folks back home, asked her what she really thought about when she slipped and fell during the Olym-

pic competition, she replied without hesitation, "I thought about getting up."

An even more embarrassing tumble took place in Cleveland. She had finished a brilliant exhibition performance and was receiving a standing ovation as she skated off the ice waving and smiling to the crowd. Suddenly her skates caught on some object on the ice and she went down. To the delight of the crowd, she struggled awkwardly to her feet and



waddled off the ice like a child on her first pair of double runners.

Though Janet was a National Honor Society student at Rockford's Guilford High School, she almost failed to graduate with her class in June 1971 when school authorities discovered she was lacking one credit in, of all things, physical education! She had missed many classes that couldn't be made up, and rules are rules. The hassle was finally resolved between the school establishment and this National Figure Skating Champion. "They thought I should have all my credits in gym," Janet recalls, "but I finally took a half credit in needlework as a substitute and they let me graduate."

Janet and her family are members at Gloria Dei Lutheran Church in Rockford. In recent years, her religious faith has become very important, giving her strength both on and off the ice. "I remember that as a child I always said my prayers like other children do. I didn't always know why, but it was part of our family way of life. I think it was at Confirmation Camp in seventh grade that I found the reality of a guy named Jesus. I had always been taught about him, but now he became real to me, sort of like a friend whom I could accept and love.

"I'm lucky because almost all my life I have been on the road upward. It's had its downfalls in between, but mainly it's been going upward for me. I've been able

to find God on that upward road. But I feel sorry for a lot of kids who know who go through hell to find this. They get on to drugs and end up drinking. Finally they get sick and when they look for something better they may find God. I feel lucky I've never had to go through hell to find Him.

"You can't tell others about religion," she goes on, "especially kids who are rebels. You just have to be an example. That's the best way to find joy and to show the love of Christ. You can't push your beliefs on others. God gives us free choice and we should give others free choice to other people. So I think that it's important that we show our religion by example rather than by Bible preaching. The Bible is like a fairy tale. Unless it's really lived in people's lives no one will believe it."

When Janet Lynn signs autographs she usually writes, "Peace and Love, Janet Lynn." "I don't mean just peace in the world," she explains, "although that's very important. I mean peace within oneself. I think if we're ever going to have lasting peace in the world, we need people who can

"Nobody gets too much mail; not even the President," according to Janet, a local mailman.

find peace within themselves."

What does the future hold for Janet Lynn? Ask sportswriters and professional entertainers and they'll tell you the attractive girl with the big smile, pixie haircut, bouncy personality and talented legs and feet has a natural professional career if she wants it.

Ask the Olympic Committee and they'll tell you there's every reason to believe she could win the Gold Medal in 1976 if she wants to remain an amateur.

Ask the Canadian television announcer who saw her at the World Competition at Calgary. He says, "With her determination at 18 years old, she is bound to be the world champion some day."

Ask Janet Lynn, who above all others ought to know what she wants to do with her life in the future. She will tell you, "I don't really know. Perhaps skating. Perhaps teaching. Perhaps some kind of religious work. I'll just have to wait and see." □



BOX OFFICE BLOODBATH

BY
LEWIS
ARCHIBALD

Paramount Pictures Corporation



"I'll never trust Roman Polanski again," a friend of mine said recently. She had just been to see this director's film version of "Macbeth" and was "confident that as they were about to cut Macbeth's head off, Polanski would move away just in time to a different shot. So, for once, I didn't hide my eyes. I should have. Polanski didn't cut away, and the soldiers did, and I saw it all. And by the time that head stopped bouncing, I was virtually in shock. I'll never trust Polanski again."

Trouble is, she could have done just about as well at any other movie these days. The aptly named "Prime Cut" opens with a documentary detailing just how a man's body is turned into several pounds of link sausage and closes with the villain being gored to death by his pet pig. In "The Godfather" among the many fully depicted slaughters is one in which a man gets shot in the windpipe and clutches vainly for air while blood spurts everywhere. And "Straw Dogs" includes a full quarter hour devoted to shooting, slicing and otherwise carving up bodies that is capped when one poor soul gets his head caught in a snaggle-toothed bear trap.

Nor is this type of refinement restricted to cheap potboilers and quickie action films. Ever since violence became "artistic" in such films as "The Wild Bunch" and "Bonnie and Clyde," almost every major Hollywood talent has taken

advantage of the fact in one way or another. John Wayne's latest film, "The Cowboys," tells a tale of some young schoolboys helping a rancher with his cattle drive that is reasonably tender and endearing—that is until the old man gets mowed down by some rustlers whereupon the boys pull out their guns and engage in a blood bath that is unsettling to say the least. In Alfred Hitchcock's latest film, "Frenzy," there is an excruciating (albeit bloodless) rape-strangulation scene that is even more scary than his shower-murder scene in "Psycho" some 12 years ago, and that scene has been the high water mark in movie lugubriousness for quite some time.

And so it goes. Each month seems to bring a new first in terms of mutilation, martyrization and mayhem until now the critics aren't even keeping score. Some refer to the screening room as the slaughterhouse. That violence is not only upon us but virtually smothering us at the movies is unquestionable. What continues to be questioned—but not very much, it would appear, by the film industry itself—is why this is happening and how it came about.

Some of the answers to these questions are rather easy to come by. For one, Hollywood has always been in the market for a substitute for imagination and, at the moment anyway, blood's it. Given a bad script, dull performers, a low budget, a half-witted director

or any or all of the above, you patch things up by ladling up the blood; after all, it's cheap (a couple of bottles of Karo syrup plus some vegetable coloring or raspberry jello). So, for example, faced with a plot that called for wild ferocious rabbits to devour the Nevada landscape and citizenry but unfortunately stuck with a bunch of brainless bunnies who couldn't even make it in a road company of "Harvey," the producers of "Night of the Lepus" just dished in the blood by the barrelful, hoping that by making the rabbits' victims look absolutely stomach-churning they could get some horror into their story.

Another reason for the present violence is the simple fact that the film makers can get away with it. The present ratings system has become almost notorious for its hard stand on sex and its soft stand on violence. To my knowledge no film has yet to receive its X-rating for violence, while many have been so rated for eroticism or nudity. The quick faraway glimpses of several scrawny teenagers shivering in the antiseptic cold shower stalls of a boy's dormitory was enough to keep the excellent "If . . ." from much of the teen-age audience for which it was intended. Meanwhile something like "Four Flies on Grey Velvet," which has at least three decapitated heads rolling around in its footage, sports a GP.

But the fundamental reason is



Warner Brothers.

As a substitute for imagination, you patch things up by ladling in the blood



far more complicated and demands a much more detailed explanation. Simply, it is that Hollywood and every other movie center in this world have always thought in terms of MORE. They're all in competition for the Almighty Dollar, and one thing they've learned in business is that you have to go a little further with each new product because the one thing people will not accept for long is The Same Old Thing. So, you put in a little sex and everyone follows suit, and so you add a little more, and then a little more and more, and soon you have a full-blown philosophy of MORE.

It's an archetypal inflation. Also an addiction of sorts. An addiction in which no maintenance dose is possible, in which the craving on the part of the audience just goes on and on. Sometimes it's a craving in the producer's eyes only; more often it's not.

"There was B-L-O-O-D on the saaaddle," went a favorite song of my childhood. "And BLOOD all around. And a great big puddle of BLOOD on the ground. The cowboy lay in it. ALL COVERED with gore . . ." And so forth. It was a wild tale, and my brothers and I sang it jubilantly with no real idea of the particular sights involved but with the feeling that it must have been quite an accomplishment. That song served as a sort of vocal escape valve for us, similar to pounding at breakneck speed up and down the gravel

driveway on our bicycles. Part of its saving grace was that we remained relatively ignorant of the latent energy and violence it released.

Screen violence in those days (early Fifties) and before served much the same purpose and was as often as not similarly obtuse. Oh, plenty of people were always killed in properly ferocious battles but the carnage was usually rather hazy, seen from afar and often depicted with only a few red smears. No rotting wounds. No spurts of red ooze to speak of. The most we usually got at the Saturday afternoon matinee was the inevitable soldier-extra with the carefully affixed spear through his middle. We watched it carefully and pondered not so much the horror of the poor soldier's death as the problems the poor extra must have had in getting through his lunch break with all that rig on.

In those days, action and violence had not yet been allied in Hollywood. Combat and fighting were to be appreciated still as combat and strategy without the inevitable bloody result. It was not a particularly realistic situation, but it was not an ignoble one either. And the result was that the greatest violence we ever saw was in specific kids' films, in social documentaries, notably in the Walt Disney True-Life Adventures series on animals and insects. Seals tore and gnawed each other to

death in "Seal Island." One such moment, when a huge black tarantula popped up suddenly out of his hole to grab and devour a passing butterfly in "The Living Desert," gave us all the heebie-jeebies for years to come.

It was, of course, a fool's paradise. There was rather nasty violence there, but we just couldn't see it. Those spectacular falls from horseback in the Westerns were more often than not caused by guywires and hobbles that crippled and killed hundreds of horses until the SPCA cracked down. Those wild imaginative stunts done usually with more derring-do than discernment left a fair amount of people permanently incapacitated and sometimes permanently dead. But on film anyway, to the innocent, style was still stressed above survival, dash ahead of defense and, though it often received lip service only, these films still had a code of honor. There were still some rules to live by. But not for long.

By the early Sixties James Bond became the real film phenomenon, a true example of MORE in action. The formula was simple: take a not-too-complicated spy story and inflate everything in it to outlandish proportions from chest measurements to secret plans to thrill-packed climaxes. The hero then changes from a simple secret agent to a world protector. The villain becomes worse than Satan; his menace dwarfs the atom bomb.



Werner Brothers—Seven Arts

Peckinpah called the film something of a pacification program, an overdose of violence he hoped would wake up fans to the horrors before them



But in doing this the James Bond films fatally changed the rules for action and adventure films. The rules once stated that anything the good guy does is all right because he has a code of honor and will never do anything wrong. James Bond altered that to read that, because the bad guys have grown so despicably powerful, the good guy is allowed to do anything to protect himself and win. So each new film had to have a better gimmick, a bigger trap. As a result, respect for life and suffering diminished until the Bond films and all their following grew incredibly callous and brutal.

In the late Sixties the most flagrant perpetrator of the new "ethic," came about for more virtuous reasons. Sam Peckinpah's "The Wild Bunch" contained about 15 minutes of the most hideous slaughter ever seen on screen. Blood spurted from corpses like old Faithful. The wanton butchery was incredible. Peckinpah called the film something of a pacification program, an overdose of violence which he hoped would quickly wake up the movie fan to the horrors before him. But to judge by the audience I saw the film with, Peckinpah misjudged his viewers completely. Instead of sickening them he merely brought out all their latent violence, and he did it (his fatal error) completely according to the rules of the traditional Western (not the Bond spy formula), the good-guy,

bad-guy rules which Western TV series and television's generally stricter morality had tended to keep us strongly aware of.

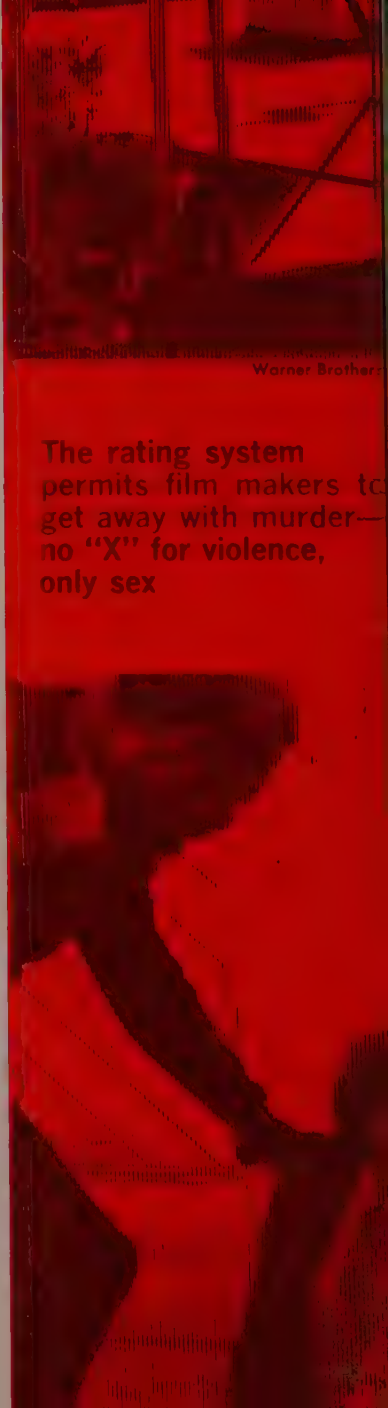
So in "The Wild Bunch" it's the nominally good guys (star William Holden and his jolly followers) who precipitate all of the action and most of the shooting. Both audiences I saw the film with cheered as the bodies fell, just as we kids always cheered when the bad guys were felled in those old Westerns. The carnage had not overcome the film's classical structure. It was an audience's cherished right to cheer the good guys on, and, by god, they were going to do it! Only at the film's conclusion when Holden himself dies violently did I detect any dismay and this was quickly resolved by the death of Holden's killer, a ten-year-old boy. That made everything all right again. Needless to say, Peckinpah's pacification was a big flop.

What's more, films like "The Wild Bunch," "M*A*S*H," and "Bonnie and Clyde" paved the way for the emergence of violence out of the confines of the action film into just about everything else. When respected directors like Peckinpah and Arthur Penn started spraying blood around for artistic and sometimes even poetic reasons, it legitimized blood sprays for everyone, and so started taking on a wider meaning. Avant garde film makers used violence as a symbolic metaphor much as they had used sex in

earlier years. And films of social protest embraced violence wholeheartedly; what better weapon to protest with, they said? So the lo-the-poor-Indian series ("Little Big Man," "A Man Called Horse," "Soldier Blue") went around slaughtering lots of Indian extras to protest man's inhumanity against guess who? And we appear to be going further.

Recently the main film trends seem to have formed a new alliance, that of violence with hate. And not simply hatred of the obvious bad guy in some carefully set up never-never-land Western. No, this is consciously induced race hate, creed hate, hate of Nature itself. And the dominant theme behind these films is that you've got to get to them before they get you.

Take the nature-on-the-warpath films which started last year. "The Hellstrom Chronicle" was a "sound-the-alarm, Mother" documentary contrasting our chances for survival against those of the incredibly prolific, multitudinous insect species. Its main effect on most viewers was to make them go out and stamp on every ant they could find. A moth flew into the light beam during one showing in New York and nearly caused a panic. In a similar vein "Willard" and his successors, "Ben," "Frogs," "Night of the Lepus" and the others sounded the (false) alarm about the (incredibly far-fetched) potential of other animals



The rating system permits film makers to get away with murder—no "X" for violence, only sex

to threaten human life, and the lesson was the same; we should never look a frog or a rabbit in the eye again without wondering if it's going to get us. Though these films hypocritically try to attach pro-ecology statements to their plots, they're actually about as anti-ecology, anti-moderation, anti-everything-but-fight-back-hysteria as you can get.

Even worse have been some of the get-tough, race-oriented films that promote sympathy for their point of view by having hideous violence inflicted upon carefully chosen victims in the film. Films like "Sweet Sweetback's Baadasssss Song" and "The Bus Is Coming" say they are trying to promote race pride among blacks but more often seem to calculate use excruciating punishment of the blacks in the film to promote race hatred (and just where do you draw the line between race pride and racism anyway?). Similarly pro-youth films like "Punishment Park," "The Strawberry Statement," and even "Easy Rider" rather mindlessly use violence to work up the audience against anyone who isn't long haired, blue-jeaned and "free," and that's really racism too.

Lately the menace-all-around-us boys have gone one step further in films like "Dirty Harry," "Straw Dogs" and "The Godfather" by puffing up villains till they become so overwhelming you want to have a handy bludgeon with you in your

seat. To get across its all-power-to-law - and - order theme, "Dirty Harry" has San Francisco at the mercy of a completely insane (also long-haired, also young) sniper and then saved by a short-haired, shoot-first supercop who soon comes to seem even more insane. "Straw Dogs" is made up completely of brutish athletic Neanderthals and weak defenseless mathematicians who just **have** to have a gun (not to mention a snaggle-toothed bear trap) if they're even going to survive. And "The Godfather" is the ultimate in this sort of thing; it glorifies the gangster's way of life, finding nothing wrong at all in spending your days in an armed compound which you leave only to indulge in ghastly slaughter but return to in time for a generous portion of Mama's minestrone.

And always the accent is on menace, usually gruesomely inflated (the philosophy of MORE is at work here too, particularly in those almost orchestrated murders in "The Godfather"). Be prepared, Kill First, these films all scream. That's what you have to do 'cause you never know what that sweet little old lady may have underneath her shawl. It could be a submachine gun (as early as "Goldfinger" it was). So kill her now and save yourself. If she only had her knitting underneath her shawl, too bad!

The final question then is what sort of effect has all this had on

the public? Has the violence in these films (most of which incidentally were pretty popular) led to corresponding violence outside the theatre? Has reel life triggered anything in real life?

There have been conflicting reports about a link between violence in the streets and violence on the screen, but nothing conclusive to the best of my knowledge. Most critics worry about what these films are doing to human respect for life. They fear that such an overdose of blood and death will make people insensitive to those things, the way too much light kills vision.

I fear the problem is not so much one of insensitivity as it is of fear itself. Films like "Dirty Harry," "Straw Dogs" and "The Godfather" give you two alternatives to follow. You can either emulate the heroes of those films and learn how to walk proud by arming yourself to the teeth with modern weapons. Or you can back away from the heroes' offensive stance, in which case you may skulk around a lot of corners.

Most of us, I think, opt for the latter. It is the easier of the two, and it often seems the safer as well. And by making the violence so monstrous, the menaces so huge, the means to overthrow them so inhumanly difficult, the films themselves nudge you toward that "weakling" path. So all we really get out of these films is fear and repression. They don't



open us up in any way, as a decent film should; they do even create a rapport in the audience as just about any entertaining film does. They seal us up in little boxes of our own fear, what they show and then they tell us to stay there and not come out for our own safety's sake. It's that we're becoming so insensitive to violence. It's that we're so utterly cowed by it.

As a result, now many people stay behind locked doors all the time to avoid coming into contact with any possible trouble. They won't venture out except when they absolutely have to for fear of some frightful possibility. They don't even talk to others much



Warner Brothers, Inc.

It's not that we're becoming so insensitive to violence, it's that we're so utterly cowed by it

any more for fear of having to show themselves, having to commit themselves to something, having to relate. It's the link between this behavior and the violence in films and TV that should be examined. And soon.

For along with everything else the movies have recently given us, there is one glimpse into what may well happen if we don't look into it. The glimpse is Stanley Kubrick's "A Clockwork Orange," the one current film containing some violence (though not much actuality) that also has some well-thought-out things to say about violence. The film takes place in a not-all-that-far-in-the-future society in which the majority of the

populace **have** taken to cowering in intricately locked apartments most of the time, leaving the streets deserted of all but bands of roving well-armed youths who rather mindlessly attack virtually anyone they come upon. As Kubrick is quick to point out, it is a return to the jungle with the more defenseless species cowering in their holes while the stronger beasts stalk above and below them. This forecast is a deeply frightening sight. And if we are heading on that route, as Kubrick steadfastly maintains in the film, then Hollywood with its unceasing forays into mindless violence is leading the way. □

WELCOME TO HOMEWARD BOUND



HOMEWARD BOUND

An intensive survival-in-the-wilderness program helps youthful offenders get back on the road to productive lives

BY BRIAN VACHON

Photos by Richard Howard

Kids in the South Boston suburb he grew up in used to call him "Tough Tony" and if there was anything inaccurate about the title it was only its understatement. Tony was indeed tough—a "hard liner" according to local police. Tony had spent almost half of his 16 years learning how to get that way.

The first offense was truancy when Tony was nine and that earned him six months in the Lyman Training School. A year later he was back for breaking and entering. Six months later it was for car theft, and again and again on down the line proving the almost unalterable maxim: the sooner a state has the chance to institutionalize a youthful offender, the better its chances are of producing an adult felon.

Because one would expect to have seen Tough Tony's name connected with an armed robbery last month, most people would be surprised to see where Tony actually was and what he was doing.

Tony was alone in a dense wooded area in the Western part of the state. For three days and nights, he remained totally alone, eating only what he could catch or pick, sleeping on the ground next to a fire he had started without the benefit of matches. Tony was thinking. He was assessing himself, stripping himself down and examining the pieces. When the three-day experience was over, nobody had to call Tony "tough" any longer, and more importantly, he didn't need to hear that word in front of his name. He had proven himself to his own satisfaction



—a lifetime first.

The three days Tony spent in solitude were part of a new rehabilitation program. For six weeks Tony and 29 other young men who differed in age and size and color but were brothers in background, had undergone an intensely rigorous forestry, water learning and survival program. Here were kids largely from ghetto areas, most from broken homes, kids referred by judges in juvenile courts, learning how to chop trees. And how to read maps and compasses, how to steer whale boats and canoes, how to scale rock cliffs and build leak-proof lean-tos. Here were city kids with records of delinquency being taught how to survive in a forest. And why?

"Because what we're really trying to teach in this program," says Allen Collette, its founder and director, "is self-esteem. Self confidence. Self respect. Here are kids who have spent their entire lifetimes in failure. They've failed in school, they've failed in society, their home lives are failures. We try to give them a positive experience of success through accomplishment."

Homeward Bound, which is the second, more intensive phase of a state forestry program for youthful offenders, has been made

possible by Dr. Jerome Miller, commissioner of the Department of Youth Services in Massachusetts. Since 1969 Dr. Miller closed down five state reformatories, replacing them with halfway houses, foster homes, and rugged programs like Homeward Bound. Some of his views horrified legislators and citizens.

"If you took all the kids in every reform school, training school and detention center in the country and released them," Dr. Miller told me recently, "if you just let them go with no programs of aftercare and no follow-up services, there would ultimately be less crime. My critics think I'm crazy and I know I'm right. The institutions were costly, inhumane, and didn't treat the problems of the kids. They existed only to perpetuate themselves."

Dr. Miller has become a controversial figure in Massachusetts but he backs up his philosophy and action with facts. A follow-up study on the forestry and Homeward Bound program showed that only 20 percent of the kids ended up back in trouble and before a judge. The national recidivism rate is well over 50 percent. Thirty years ago in Massachusetts, the rate soared to 80 percent, eight out of every ten kids who were

**"IT'S A SOCIAL PROBLEM THEY ARE
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out of reform or training school ended up back in, or in jail.

Every six weeks a new group of boys arrives at the lakeside forestry camp on Cape Cod. They come in cocky, posturing complete cool. But underneath there is fear and hesitation, for this is something unfamiliar, not as predictable as the walls and rules and locks of reform school.

During the orientation period, the boys are introduced to a schedule that is new to most of them. Up at 6 a.m., dress and take a short jog, shower, breakfast at 7:30 a.m. and then when they are not undergoing clinical evaluations, there is work to be done. The boys are separated into smaller groups of six or eight which are assigned daily tasks. Older boys are grouped with

younger, blacks with whites, suburb with city, so that little microcosms of the real society outside are formed.

Then the challenges begin:

"You men see that wall," an instructor says to a group walking in the woods. He points to a crudely constructed, ten-foot wooden wall in a clearing behind the dormitory. "Your job is to clear it—every one of you. No one is going to do it alone. You're going to have to be working together. You're going to be timed. Now go!"

The boys rush to the wall and then stop short in front of it. They survey what seems to be an impossible task. It looks higher than ten feet. People are going to have to stand on other people's shoulders. But what about the last guy? It's going to be rough. What's all this prove anyway?

"It's a social problem they are confronted with," Collette says. "No, they probably aren't ever going to face a real-life situation where eight people have to help each other scale a wall. But they will face situations every day where people have to help each other and think things out together and draw on each others strengths. That's what they're learning here."

Each day, the challenges be-

When a boat race ended in a tie, staff members wrestled to determine the outcome. The former institutions would have pitted boys against each other to resolve the tie.



come more difficult. One day, the groups of boys are brought to a wire, five feet off the ground, stretched between two trees. They are told they must pretend it is alive with electricity and each team member has to go over it without touching it. Again, it takes teamwork. Other challenges are designed to bring phobias to the surface: there are rope courses and rock climbing, tunneled obstacle courses, open water tests. "They're all designed to bring repressed anxieties to the surface," says Collette. "When we do that, we can deal with them."

Along with facing the daily challenges, the boys receive individual teaching aids at the camp, including mini-courses in areas which they have indicated are of interest to them. The state pays for trained specialists to join the camp on a part-time basis to offer assistance in everything from remedial reading to gourmet cooking. In the evenings, the groups assemble for rap sessions. They air their grievances and occasionally, after watching the 6 o'clock news on television, take on some of the world's problems. Mostly, the entire initiation period is a prep course for Phase Two—the Homeward Bound program—described as "the busiest two weeks any kid

will ever have in a lifetime."

When the groups of boys ready to graduate to Homeward Bound, usually they have become members of closely-knit teams. Each boy is probably in the final shape of his life, and each is prepared to take on any challenge that comes along. During the final phase of the program, they have been able to look down the hill at the row of gleaming red A-frame huts that dot the lakeside and so many times they have been able to glimpse some of the activity of the boys in the cycle ahead of them. Now they gather up their clothes and toilet articles and descend the hill.

Tony Gardner, a wiry, intense but open and friendly, Englishman serves as chief instructor of the Homeward Bound program. He is accompanied by an assistant instructor, a young man who himself was one time sent to the forestry program by a juvenile court. Tony welcomes the graduates and wishes them success.

"We'll start the program right now," he says with a kind, soothing reassurance, "with something we call the 'Quiet Walk.' Squared away in your A-frame and we'll get started."

Gardner's "Quiet Walk" is a forest marathon. The groups

"HERE ARE KIDS WHO HAVE SPENT THEIR ENTIRE LIFETIMES IN FAILURE. WE TRY TO GIVE THEM AN EXPERIENCE OF SUCCESS THROUGH ACCOMPLISHMENT."



A group of boys compete as a team to get over an obstacle as quickly as possible, depending on one another's effort and support.

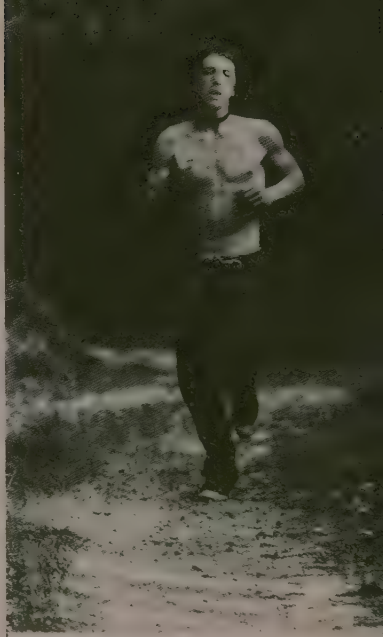
gin by walking down the shore of the lake and then into the woods on narrow dirt trails. The instructors turn the walk into a jog and the jog becomes a run. When most of the boys feel they can't run another yard, they hit a rock formation that has to be scaled and on the other side of that is a swamp they have to slosh through. Finally they break out onto the shore again and the leaders plunge right into the lake for a lengthy swim back to camp. When the Quiet Walk is over, after about two grueling hours, the boys flop exhausted onto their cots.

"If this is what it's like on the first day, what's it going to be tomorrow?" one of the boys asks no one in particular.

"I think I'm going to have to quit the program," another boy says. "I didn't mind that other stuff, but now they're really trying to kill us."

On that first evening in camp, each boy gets his most intense counselling. The Quiet Walk was a psychological ploy to exhaust defenses. Now the business of building positive self images can begin.

"No one is going to be graded in this program," an instructor explains. "All we want you to do is try—to try as hard as you can to finish the program, to give it and



us a chance." A swearing-in ceremony is then held and the boys pledge just that: they'll give Howard Bound their best effort. A hearty dinner follows, then showers and usually a very early "light out." No one has to be coaxed into sleeping.

The following morning, and each subsequent morning for the remainder of the program, activity begins with a run and a dip in the lake. This never varies the year-round. The routine then falls in a casual mix between Army boot training and a cram-course in survival. Morning chow is followed

**EACH BOY IS PROBABLY IN THE BEST SHAPE
OF HIS LIFE AND EACH IS PREPARED TO TAKE
ON ANY CHALLENGE THAT COMES ALONG**

a reading period where an instructor will read a passage of Scripture or a prayer or perhaps some other inspirational writing. Afterwards, the groups begin their intensive training.

Each day, the training becomes more rugged and advanced and finally the boys are ready for the program's climactic six-day expedition on the other side of the state, along the Appalachian trail. For half the trek, the boys hiked together but for the final three days, each boy was to be totally alone. They were led out one by one to remote spots in the mountain range, given a gallon of water (in the winter, the boys also get a few hotdogs) and told to stay, survive, and to assess the last several weeks in terms of their total lives.

"Up until the solo, the boys are

under high pressure," says Gardner. "But then, they are suddenly surrounded by complete silence and stillness. They are in a position to think about themselves, to mull over their lives. We always encourage them to write out their thoughts and sometimes when they do they are really opening themselves up for the first time in their lives."

The boys on solo are spot-checked by the instructors in compliance with Collette's rule that safety is paramount, but they are generally unaware of being checked. For most of the boys—like Tough Tony from South Boston—it is an experience unlike anything they have known before. They are alone with nature and they have to deal with it and their own emotions in order to survive. They could scream to shatter the silence or they could weep, but no one would hear or care. For the past six weeks they have been taught to live by their wits, to take pride in themselves and in their abilities. During the solo, all that is put to the ultimate test.

And when it's over, Tony was not the only person who was obviously changed. Each boy had experienced some kind of metamorphosis that showed itself in flashes of honesty and torrents of pride.

The six-mile marathon race stresses individual performance, requiring each boy to do his best, and leaves them exhausted, but proud.



"Were you scared?"

"Yea, sometimes I was scared. But I made it."

The boys are bussed back to their Cape Cod camp where they spend the last two days in group competitions—a six-mile run, surmounting obstacles under the timing of a stop watch, that hellish wall to climb, righting a capsized canoe. Finally, they are assembled for a small and simple graduation ceremony where awards are presented to winning groups and each participant is given a certificate of completion. The boys say it's Mickey Mouse stuff and snicker during the final words of congratulations, but only because they know they've made it to the end and succeeded. They are stuck with a new pride they can't snicker away.

On the last night of the program, the groups and their instructors are given a night of their own and usually they go into town for a movie and pizza. On the following morning, each boy goes before a review panel which includes Collette, the camp psychologist and an instructor. The boy's progress is assessed and his future is discussed. From the day each court-referred youth entered the forestry camp, plans were being made for the day he is to

leave, and for his return to home.

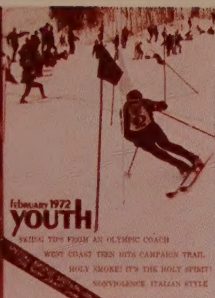
"When we had kids run away from institutions before Miller had told me earlier, 10 percent of them returned to their homes—no matter what their homes were like. That's what made it so easy for the police to catch them—there was no guesswork involved at all. So we decided, okay, the kids are going to end up in their home communities, so let's make sure those communities are stocked with people they can turn to for help and guidance."

While the boys were going through the Homeward Bound program, counselors up on the street were lining up Big Brothers Youth Advocates (often college volunteers) to be ready to be with them when they graduated. Jobs were also being arranged for some boys, while technical training and formal schooling was being opened up to others. Exhaustive work was being done to make certain that when the boys returned home there was something positive to return to.

"There are dozens of alternatives to institutionalization in the state of Massachusetts," Jerry Miller says, "but Collette and the people at Homeward Bound probably have about the best. That program is fantastic."□

"WE ALWAYS ENCOURAGE THEM TO WRITE OUT THEIR THOUGHTS AND SOMETIMES WHEN THEY DO THEY ARE REALLY OPENING THEMSELVES UP FOR THE FIRST TIME IN THEIR LIVES"

A YEAR OF YOUTH



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An in-depth interview with Mary Travers, now on her own after years as "Peter, Paul, and Mary"

What about this man called Jesus? Some answers to some questions, by J. Barrie Shepherd

Movie critic Scott MacDonough looks at the emergence of Malcolm McDowell ("A Clockwork Orange")

An Introduction to Understanding Homosexuality by psychologists Barry and Patricia Bricklin

Do you have extrasensory perception? Someone who does tells about his own "third eye"

A high school student from Seattle, Wash., writes about his alternative school, its successes and failures

"Growing Up," a prayer by Judy Marshall

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The New Draft Law, by William Yoltan. A rip-out section on when, where, how to and how not to

The Holy Spirit, The Great Discomforter, by J. Barrie Shepherd

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Doug Brunner shares his world through transparencies on poverty, unemployment, morality

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Young people far from the Woodstock Generation live on the West Bank of the Jordan

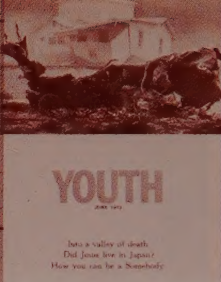
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Brunner's World: cartoon comments on school, love, the daily treadmill, and pimples



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Interviews with 18-year-old Wendy Rodemann and national leader Gloria Steinem about women's liberation

Draft Resister John Bach tells his story after three years in prison

Wall murals brighten the ghetto neighborhoods of Chicago . . . and what you need to know to do them yourself

OCTOBER

Creative Arts Awards for 1972.

The winning entries of 63 young people are published in this special issue. Includes photography, artwork, sculpture, fiction, essays and poetry.

Why not enter our 1973 competition? Rules to appear soon

NOVEMBER

Two young people speak out on the 1972 election and their own involvement in politics

Forum: Youth from around the country give their political choices and why

Doug Brunner comments on politics and religion

YOUTH goes to Explo '72, a Jesus Rally of over 80,000 young people in Dallas, Texas

Filipino teens in Hawaii build bridges between themselves and the "locals"

"Marjoe," a new movie exposes the evangelism business

Shane Gould, Olympic swimmer from Australia, brings in the medals at Munich

"That's the Spirit!" prayer by Herman Ahrens

Cover: "The Peaceable Kingdom," dedicated to alligators, bald eagles, brown pelicans, grizzly bears, humans, kit foxes, leopards, orangutans, prairie dogs, robins, serval cats, sharp-shinned hawks, tigers, whooping cranes, and all other endangered species.

WILDLIFE EXHIBITION

EXHIBIT

at the University of California

